

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

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## Notes of the Month.

### HOME AND ABROAD.

**NEW CHAPELS.**—Plans have been prepared for new Unitarian chapels at Guildford; Fazeley-street, Birmingham; and Crumlin-road, Belfast.

**AUSTRALIA.**—Our most prosperous church in Australia is at Adelaide. The receipts for 1875 amount to nearly £500. What are called old school and new school conflicts have unhappily injured our other churches.

**THE LARGE HOPE.**—A few days ago a distinguished member of the Wesleyan body was interred in a cemetery in East London. The address was delivered by the Rev. — Ratcliffe, a Wesleyan minister, who concluded his words of consolation to the bereaved with the following:—

"May every one salvation find,  
And not a soul be left behind."

It is gratifying to find universalism in the prayer of a Wesleyan minister. We believe the plans of divine providence are as benevolent as the prayers of the most large-hearted minister of religion.

**CATHOLIC OR PROTESTANT.**—Years ago Macaulay said that you could tell by the very appearance of the country you pass through, the state of the fields, gardens, and houses, whether the population is Catholic or Protestant. Edmond About writes in one of his works—"You can tell by the first sight of an Alsatian village street if the inhabitants be Catholics or Protestants. If the women be slatternly and the cottages untidy, having heaps of refuse before the doors, and broken window panes mended with paper—if the children, unwashed and in rags, are seen playing all the livelong day among the pigs and fowls, you have a Catholic village. If, on the contrary, you notice tidiness everywhere around you and perceive not a child at large, except at the hours when, school being over, all the little people clean and intelligent-looking, troop homewards with their satchels—there you have a Protestant community."

**CHRIST'S BROTHERS AND SISTERS.**—A reader of the *Unitarian Handbook* asks us what authority have we for saying that Christ had brothers and sisters! We refer him to Matthew xiii. 56, "His brethren and his sisters."

**OUR UNITARIAN BRETHREN IN PARIS.**—Our friends in Paris have much difficulty to meet the various expenses connected with their churches and schools. Their accounts for 1875 show a deficit of £600. A few English gentlemen are endeavouring to help them to meet this debt. Mr. Henry Bicknell, of Clapham Common, is kindly acting as treasurer.

**THE FRIENDS AND FUTURE RETRIBUTION.**—In reference to a charge made against the Society of Friends believing in the doctrine of endless punishment, Mr. William Tallack, a distinguished member of that body, says in the *Christian World*, "Many Friends who, like myself, have on scriptural grounds abandoned this dogma, often hesitate to acknowledge their views, lest they should in any way be supposed to throw a doubt on the great and necessary truth of an awful and certain retribution for sin hereafter."

**MINISTERIAL HINTS.**—One of our Unitarian ministers who was for some years among the Methodists, says, that there was not less criticism among his old friends among the preachers, than among Unitarians. It was generally more practical and useful than among us. A certain brother, who was noted for his being seldom up to time, seldom very animated, and seldom very brief, once kept a congregation waiting a long time for his appearance, and when at last he did come he preached the a very prosy sermon of unusual length, on the text, "Feed my lambs." He had not yet finished when another brother rose from a seat in the congregation, and said: "Brother, I have had some experience in raising lambs myself, and I have found that the following rules are absolutely essential to lamb-raising: First, give them their food in season; second, give them a little at a time; and third, give it to them warm."



**IN TEN YEARS.**—Since 1865 there has been an addition of twenty-eight Unitarian places of worship in the United Kingdom. This is scarcely up to the average increase of other Dissenting Churches, but about equal to the increase in the Church of England.

**PAINÉ'S AGE OF REASON.**—We understand that one of our Unitarian Christian Knowledge Societies, that boasts of unlimited freedom, has been requested to order "Painé's Age of Reason." The matter is under consideration, and it will decide the question whether it is better to talk humbly or act consistently. Perhaps it may be better to do both.

**AN ODD FANCY.**—The chair in which Moody sat during the Philadelphia revival, says the *New York Independent*, brought 100 dols. at an auction sale, Sankey's chair 55 dols., "and four towels upon which the evangelists had wiped their heated brows, 5 dols. a-piece." The *Independent* asks, Will it do for us to poke fun at the Catholic fondness for relics after that?

**THE FATHERS OR MOTHERS.**—Canon Ryle said the other day some people were always talking about "the Fathers." The Fathers were all very well in their day, but young clergymen might now find much more useful reading than "the Fathers." He was reminded of the good old country clergyman, who, when asked what he thought of the influence of "the Fathers," said he found it more convenient to get at the mothers.

**HONESTY IN CREEDS.**—A few days ago, an old gentleman who is now nearly eighty years of age, said to us he had always openly professed his Unitarian opinions. He had lived among a mass of people where he rarely met with any one of the same views. We have but to add to this that if others had been equally open and honest in the profession of their views, we would have had many more organisations for the diffusion of Unitarianism than we have at present. Organisation is impossible without distinct profession.

**THE FUTURE OF WORCESTER CATHEDRAL.**—The Earl and Countess of Dudley have been profuse in their gifts to this cathedral. It now boasts a reredos and "altar" second to none in the kingdom. The latest gift is a splendid set of "altar rails," which cost £1000. A few weeks ago a young Roman Catholic priest beholding the splendour of the cathedral could not refrain from tears at the thought (he said) that such a magnificent place should be used for a parody of the mass instead of the real sacrifice. A lady friend, a pervert, consoles him by saying, "It will be ours in a few years!"

**ON THE SCAFFOLD.**—We very much question the wisdom of clergymen attending men convicted of murder, and teasing them to believe some dogma that may save them from future punishment. A newspaper informs us, recently, that a man who was about to be hanged sang, as he stood with the noose around his neck, "Ho! the bright angels are waiting for me!"

**UNITARIAN LECTURES.**—From a tabulated statement we have just received, we learn the first series of Jubilee Lectures were delivered in nineteen districts of the United Kingdom. The largest number of people attending any one lecture was one thousand one hundred, and the smallest number thirteen. We know that some of these lectures were fully reported in newspapers which have a circulation of over twenty thousand copies.

**A SPIRITUALIST MARTYR.**—A few months ago M. Leymarie, of Paris, was sentenced to imprisonment for swindling with spirit photographs, as he called them. His health, it appears, is very bad, and so one of the spiritual journals says:—"The walls of the physical tabernacle falling outward under a strain they can no longer bear, will but reveal to the world, and bequeath to the keeping of the angels, a spotless soul, a priceless jewel, which shall shine brighter as the years roll onward to that millennium when bigotry shall die, ignorance return to its native chaos, and all the nations of the earth shall hear the truth and live!"

**THE PAPAL CHURCH.**—The late Bishop Thirlwall sums up his indictment against the Roman Catholic Church in the following:—"The strength of the Papal Church lies in the weakness of human nature: (1) in its childish fondness for a pompous and glittering ceremonial; (2) in its slavish readiness to accept without inquiry any pretensions, however unfounded, if they are only put forward with a sufficient degree of confident assurance; (3) in the cowardice with which it shrinks from the burden of personal responsibility, and is anxious to shift it upon another; (4) in the intellectual sluggishness which makes it impatient (as Thucydides observed) of the labour required for the investigation of Truth; (5) in the proneness to substitute outward devotional exercises for the realities of a religious life, and to take credit to itself for the performance of such exercises as meritorious works, in proportion to the trouble and annoyance they may have cost; (6) and the intolerance with which, especially in matters connected with religion, it resents dissent from its own opinions as a personal injury, for which it is ever ready to revenge itself by persecution."



**FUNERAL SERVICES IN WALES.**—We are informed it is a custom among some of our Unitarian brethren there, the night before interment, to have a meeting for prayer in or very near the house of the deceased. Such meetings are very largely attended by the members of different sects, and all sectarian feeling is hushed in the presence of death. We doubt not but these meetings will lead to the suppression of sectarian feelings on other occasions.

**A CHILD'S IDEAS.**—In the life of Macaulay it, is stated: "He remembered standing up at the nursery window by his father's side, looking at a cloud of black smoke pouring out of a tall chimney. He asked if that was hell, an inquiry that was received with a grave displeasure which at the time he could not understand, and which must have set his father thinking as to the ideas that might most fittingly be impressed on the mind of infancy."

**DIFFERENT OPINIONS.**—We recollect very distinctly hearing a clergyman say that no salvation could be found outside the English Episcopal Church. The Rev. R. J. Webb, vicar of Hambleton-with-Braunston, has been received into the Roman Catholic Church. The rev. gentleman has published a pamphlet, in which he boldly asserts that salvation is not to be found in the Church of England.

**A UNITARIAN HERMIT.**—In "*The Life and Times of Dr. Doyle*," there is the following curious passage:—"Hearing of a Protestant hermit named Fishew, who lived by himself and neither ate flesh nor lay on a bed, I ventured to approach his lonely abode. Although he slept on the boards, and merely took bread and coffee, he looked well. The hermit did much to imitate his divine master, and had his coffin ready by him. I was told that he had a great abhorrence of black, yet still I had courage to invade his retreat at the bottom of a little garden. His door, which possessed neither latch, handle, knocker nor bell, was shut. I tossed it with my hand, but thinking he did not hear, I knocked again with my knuckles. On this, a venerable man with long white hair hanging down to his shoulders, and a snow-white beard descending to his stomach, made his appearance and awed me a little. He said 'Had you not holy patience to wait five minutes for the door to be opened unto you?' I replied 'Peace be to you and to this house.' This being a favourite expression of his, he allowed me to enter. He quoted Scripture freely, but gave it a perverse explanation; for instance, he said that the Trinity consists of *one person and not three*."

**THE SCRIPTURAL ARGUMENT.**—Grotius in his younger years attacked the Socinians, but on being answered by Crellius, he not only never rejoined, but even thanked Crellius for the answer. Afterwards he wrote *Annotations* on the Scriptures, and there is not a line in them which Unitarians don't approve, even in his remarks on the first chapter of John's gospel, where he took great pains so to express his meaning as to conceal his heresy from all but the most careful readers.

**A TROUBLESOME PURCHASE.**—All of our readers may not have seen "*Goadby's Commentary*," three volumes, each volume a sufficient load for one man to carry any distance. One of our ministers vouches for the correctness of the following:—A Calvinist entered a tradesman's shop a few years ago, in the town of W——. Upon the counter lay a large volume, which he scanned while the owner was engaged. Presently the tradesman tore out the fly-leaf, and was about to tear out others, when the customer expressed his horror at such a book being destroyed. The tradesman explained that it had been bought for waste paper, and offered to sell it at cost price. A bargain was struck. The purchaser, delighted, trudged off to his home—five miles away—with Goadby's "*Commentary on the New Testament*" under his arm. As time passed on an unpleasant sensation came over the purchaser—delight changed to horror. Heresy bristled on every page of the book. He felt as though he had a demon in the house, haunting his thoughts by night and by day. Wending his way to a market three miles in a different direction from where the unlucky purchase was made, he inquired at a second-hand book-stall if the owner would buy his book. The answer was an affirmative. Next market day the book was duly presented to the promised buyer, who was turning over its pages, when a casual passer-by remarked, "That is an excellent book." The dealer let the pages close, saying, "I cannot buy your book." "Why?" exclaimed the other. "O!" was the reply, "that gentleman is the Unitarian minister of this town. This must be a Unitarian book; I should never sell it again if I were to buy it." Once more the unfortunate Calvinist had to bug the tormentor to his bosom and carry it to his home. Two miles in another direction lived a bookseller who was a Unitarian. An appeal to him was more successful. He gave other books, supposed not to contain heresy, in exchange for Goadby's, and thus cast out the demon and tormentor. The writer has many times had the pleasure of consulting this same volume.



## THE TWO WEDDING-DAYS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.\*

## I. THE FIRST.

THERE is to be a wedding this morning at the corner house in the terrace. The pastry-cook's people have been there half-a-dozen times already; all day yesterday there was a great stir and bustle, and they were up this morning as soon as it was light. Miss Emma Fielding is going to be married to young Mr. Harvey.

Heaven alone can tell in what bright colours this marriage is painted upon the mind of the little housemaid at No. 6, who has hardly slept a wink all night with thinking of it, and now stands on the unswept doorsteps leaning upon her broom, and looking wistfully towards the enchanted house. Nothing short of omniscience can divine what visions of the baker, or the greengrocer, or the smart and most insinuating but-terman, are flitting across her mind, what thoughts of how she would dress on such an occasion, if she were a lady—of how she would dress, if only she were a bride—of how cook would dress, being bridesmaid, conjointly with her sister "in place" at Fulham, and how the clergyman, deeming them so many ladies, would be quite humbled and respectful. What day dreams of hope and happiness—of life being one perpetual holiday, with no master and no mistress to grant or withhold it—of every Sunday being a Sunday out—of pure freedom as to curls and ringlets, and no obligations to hide fine heads of hair in caps—what pictures of happiness, vast and immense to her, but utterly ridiculous to us, bewilder the brain of the little housemaid at No. 6, all called into existence by the wedding at the corner!

We smile at such things, and so we should, though perhaps for a better reason than commonly presents itself. It should be pleasant to us to know that there are notions of happiness so moderate and limited; since upon those who entertain them, happiness and lightness of heart are so very easily bestowed.

But the little housemaid is awakened from her reverie, for forth from the door of the magical corner house there runs towards her, all fluttering in smart new dress and streaming ribands, her friend Jane Adams, who comes all out of breath to redeem a solemn promise of taking her in, under cover of the confusion, to see the breakfast table spread forth in state, and—sight of sights! her young mistress ready dressed for church.

And there, in good truth, when they have stolen up stairs on tiptoe and edged themselves in at the chamber door, there is Miss Emma "looking like the sweetest picter," in a white chip bonnet and orange flowers, and all other elegancies becoming a bride (with the make, shape, and quality of every article of which, the girl is perfectly familiar in one moment, and never forgets them to her dying day)—and there is Miss Emma's mamma in tears, and Miss Emma's papa comforting her, and saying how that of course she has been long looking forward to this, and how happy she ought to be; and there too is Miss Emma's sister, with her arms round her neck, and the other bridesmaids all smiles and tears, quieting the children, who would cry more but that they are so finely dressed, and yet sob for fear sister Emma should be taken away, and it is so affecting, that the two servant girls cry more than anybody; and Jane Adams, sitting down upon the stairs, when they have crept away, declares that her legs tremble so that she don't know what to do; and that she will say for Miss Emma, that she never had a hasty word from her, and that she does hope and pray that she may be happy.

Of all the company though, none are more pleasant to behold, or better pleased with themselves, than the two young children, who, in honour of the day, have seats among the guests. Of these, one is a little fellow of six or eight years old, brother to the bride—and the other a girl of the same age, or something younger, whom he calls "his wife." The real bride and bridegroom are not more devoted than they: he all love and attention, and she all blushes and fondness, toying with a little bouquet which he gave her this morning, and placing the scattered roseleaves in her

\* Reprinted from Mr. Dickens' forgotten work, *Young Couples*.



bosom with nature's own coquettishness. They have dreamt of each other in their quiet dreams, these children, and their little hearts have been nearly broken when the absent one has been dispraised in jest. When will there come in after life a passion so earnest, generous, and true as theirs? What, even in its gentlest realities, can have the grace and charm that hover round such fairy lovers?

By this time the merriment and happiness of the feast have gained their height; certain ominous looks begin to be exchanged between the bridesmaids, and somehow it gets whispered about that the carriage which is to take the young couple into the country has arrived. Such members of the party as are most disposed to prolong its enjoyments, affect to consider this a false alarm; but it turns out too true, being speedily confirmed, first by the retirement of the bride and a select file of intimates who are to prepare her for the journey, and secondly by the withdrawal of the ladies generally. To this there ensues a particularly awkward pause, in which everybody essays to be facetious, and nobody succeeds; at length the bridegroom makes a mysterious disappearance in obedience to some equally mysterious signal, and the table is deserted.

Now, for at least six weeks last past it has been solemnly devised and settled that the young couple should go away in secret, but they no sooner appear without the door than the drawing-room windows are blocked up with ladies waving their handkerchiefs and kissing their hands, and the dining-room panes with gentlemen's faces, beaming farewell in every queer variety of its expression. The hall and steps are crowded with servants in white favours, mixed up with particular friends and relations, who have darted out to say good-bye; and foremost in the group are the tiny lovers arm-in-arm, thinking, with fluttering hearts, what happiness it would be to dash away together in that gallant coach, and never part again. The bride has barely time for one hurried glance at her old home, when the steps rattle, the door slams, the horses clatter on the pavement, and they have left it far away.

A knot of women servants still remain clustered in the hall, whispering among themselves, and there, of course, is Anne from No. 6, who has made another escape on some plea or other, and been an admiring witness of the departure. There are two points on which Anne expatiates over and over again, without the smallest appearance of fatigue, or intending to leave off; one is, that she "never see in all her life such a oh! such a angel of a gentleman as Mr. Harvey," and the other, that she "can't tell how it is, but it don't seem a bit like a work-a-day, or a Sunday neither—it's all so unsettled and unregular."

## II. THE LAST.

They are grandfather and grandmother to a dozen grown people, and have great-grandchildren besides; their bodies are bent, their hair is grey, their step tottering and infirm. Is this the lightsome pair whose wedding was so merry, and have the young couple indeed grown old so soon?

It seems but yesterday—and yet what a host of cares and griefs are crowded into the intervening time which, reckoned by them, lengthens out into a century! How many new associations have wreathed themselves about their hearts since then! The old time is gone, and a new time has come for others—not for them. They are but the rusting link that feebly joins the two, and is silently loosening its hold and dropping asunder.

It seems but yesterday—and yet three of their children have sunk into the grave, and the tree that shades it has grown quite old. One was an infant—they wept for him; the next a girl, a slight young thing, too delicate for earth—her loss was hard indeed to bear. The third, a man. That was the worst of all; but even that grief is softened now.

It seems but yesterday—and yet how the gay and laughing faces of that bright morning have changed and vanished from above ground! Faint likenesses of some remain about them yet, but they are very faint and scarcely to be traced. The rest are only seen in



dreams, and even they are unlike what they were in eyes so old and dim.

One or two dresses from the bridal wardrobe are yet preserved. They are of a quaint and antique fashion, and seldom seen except in pictures. White has turned yellow, and brighter hues have faded. Do you wonder, child? The wrinkled face was once as smooth as yours, the eyes as bright, the shrivelled skin as fair and delicate. It is the work of hands that have been dust these many years.

Where are the fairy lovers of that happy day whose annual return comes upon the old man and his wife, like the echo of some village bell which has long been silent? Let yonder peevish bachelor, racked by rheumatic pains, and quarrelling with the world, let him answer to the question. He recollects something of a favourite playmate; her name was Lucy—so they tell him. He is not sure whether she was married, or went abroad, or died. It is a long while ago, and he don't remember.

Is nothing as it used to be; does no one feel, or think, or act, as in days of yore? Yes. There is an aged woman who once lived as servant with the old lady's father, and is sheltered in an alms-house not far off. She is still attached to the family, and loves them all; she nursed the children in her lap, and tended in their sickness those who are no more. Her old mistress has still something of youth in her eyes; the young ladies are like what she was, but not quite so handsome, nor are the gentlemen as stately as Mr. Harvey used to be. She has seen a great deal of trouble; her husband and her son died long ago; but she has got over that and is happy now—quite happy.

If ever her attachment to her old protectors were disturbed by fresher cares and hopes, it has long since resumed its former current. It has filled the void in the poor creature's heart, and replaced the love of kindred. Death has not left her alone, and this, with a roof above her head, and a warm hearth to sit by, makes her cheerful and contented. Does she remember the marriage of great-grandmamma? Ay, that she does, as well as if it was only yesterday. You wouldn't think it to

look at her now, and perhaps she ought not to say so of herself, but she was as smart a young girl then as you'd wish to see. She recollects she took a friend of hers upstairs to see Miss Emma dressed for church; her name was—ah! she forgets the name, but she remembers that she was a very pretty girl, and that she married not long afterwards, and lived—it has quite passed out of her mind where she lived, but she knows she had a bad husband who used her ill, and that she died in Lambeth Workhouse. Dear, dear, in Lambeth Workhouse!

This morning the old couple are cheerful but serious, recalling old times as well as they can remember them, and dwelling upon many passages in their past lives which the day brings to mind. The old lady reads aloud, in a tremulous voice, out of a great Bible, and the old gentleman with his hand to his ear, listens with profound respect. When the book is closed, they sit silent for a short space, and afterwards resume their conversation, with a reference perhaps to their dead children, as a subject not unsuited to that they have just left. By degrees they are led to consider which of those who survive are the most like those dearly-remembered objects, and so they fall into a less solemn strain, and become cheerful again.

How many people in all, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and one or two intimate friends of the family, dine together to-day at the eldest son's to congratulate the old couple, and wish them many happy returns, is a calculation beyond our powers; but this we know, that the old couple no sooner present themselves, very sprucely and carefully attired, than there is a violent shouting and rushing forward of the younger branches with all manner of presents, such as pocket-books, pencil-cases, pen-wipers, watch-papers, pin-cushions, sleeve-buckles, worked slippers, watch-guards, and even a nutmeg-grater; the latter article being presented by a very chubby and very little boy, who exhibits it in great triumph as an extraordinary variety. The old couple's emotion at these tokens of remembrance occasions quite



a pathetic scene, of which the chief ingredients are a vast quantity of kissing and hugging, and repeated wipings of small eyes and noses with small square pocket-handkerchiefs which don't come at all easily out of small pockets. Even the peevish bachelor is moved, and he says, as he presents the old gentleman with a queer sort of antique ring from his own finger, that he really thinks he looks younger than he did ten years ago.

But the great time is after dinner, when the desert and wine are on the table, which is pushed back to make plenty of room, and they are all gathered in a large circle round the fire, for it is then—the glasses being filled, and everybody ready to drink the toast—that two great-grandchildren rush out at a given signal, and presently return, dragging in old Jane Adams leaning upon her crutched stick, and trembling with age and pleasure. Who so popular as poor old Jane, nurse and storyteller in ordinary to two generations; and who so happy as she, striving to bend her stiff limbs into a curtsy, while tears of pleasure steal down her withered cheeks!

The old couple sit side by side, and the whole time seems like yesterday indeed. Looking back upon the path they have travelled, its dust and ashes disappear; the flowers that withered long ago show brightly again upon its borders, and they grow young once more in the youth of those about them.

#### TO A LITTLE LIGHT FOUND STILL BURNING AT DAWN.

LITTLE, feeble, flick'ring light!  
Thou hast burned throughout the night,  
With thy shining, bright and clear,  
Lighting up the darkness near.  
Patient through the long night hours  
Thou hast used thy utmost powers,  
Cheered, and helped, and guided me,  
'Midst the shadows I could see.

Thus a pure and holy life,  
Lived in this dark world, where strife,  
Sin, and ignorance abound,  
Lightens all the darkness round;  
Shines into the saddened heart,  
Draws the cloudy veil apart,  
And, amidst the blackest night,  
Always gives a glimpse of light.

London.

M. R.

#### PREACHING CHRIST.

PHILIP, one of the seven deacons—a man of honest report, full of the Holy Spirit and wisdom—is the first itinerant Christian missionary of whose preaching we have any account. Of him, it is emphatically recorded that he preached Christ in a city of Samaria—in what manner is an interesting subject of inquiry, even at the present day, for many great and grievous mistakes have arisen on it, many errors have in consequence been propagated. Much of all this has resulted from not going back to the first principles of Evangelical truth. Let us, however, try to realise to ourselves what a primitive disciple such as Philip would speak of to a miscellaneous audience. But in order to more thoroughly comprehend the drift of his teaching, it may be necessary to examine at the commencement of our inquiry what he is likely not to have said.

First, then, Philip did not preach the Trinity. To a devout Jew, no doctrine would have been more repugnant to him, for it stands directly opposed to the Mosaic declaration, "The Lord our God is one Lord," and no less to the confirmation of it by Jesus himself. He knew nothing, and therefore he said nothing, of the Supreme Deity of Christ—his co-equality with the Father. This unfounded dogma was left to be developed in long succeeding ages; it had no place in the pure Evangelical scheme.

Nor, secondly, would he make the person of Christ the main subject of his discourses; we mean his person apart from his mission, his works, and his character. We think this to be an important distinction. Christ and his Gospel are one; and in speaking of the glad tidings brought by him he is effectually set forth to the world—he is preached in all his glory and in all his might.

Nor did he preach vicarious sufferings, nor infinite atonement, nor imputed righteousness. All these perversions of Christian doctrine were afterthoughts of believers, taking rise mainly from the absurd doctrine of Adam's fall, and the consequent total corruption of his posterity—that which has no



support from Scripture nor in the reason of things. To the Evangelist such perversions of the truth as it is in Jesus were utterly unknown.

Philip, again, did not preach himself, nor what has since his time been called Apostolic succession. Christ was to him, as to his colleagues in the ministry, the power of God and the wisdom of God. None of the first disciples thought of him or spoke of him otherwise than as their Master and the head over all things to his Church. He, and he alone, was entitled to their unlimited obedience. That obedience they unhesitatingly and cheerfully paid. None had pre-eminence; all were brethren, and each one deemed himself servant to the rest, that so the unity of the spirit might be wholly kept.

But the preaching of this courageous and devoted man was not made up of negations. He had positive and all-important truths to deliver, and faithfully was his mission fulfilled. Christ was set forth plainly, unmistakably, to the enlightenment and joy of the people. So he must have asserted the Messiahship of Jesus, for the words would be better translated *the* Christ. The Jesus of Nazareth, who had been crucified, was really the Messiah, the hope of Israel, and to become the hope of the whole world. He was the Messiah of whom Moses had spoken, and whose advent the prophets had so splendidly announced. The Christ had come—they were to look for none other. He had been emphatically declared to be the Son of God, with power.

Christ was preached as the Saviour from sin and all its dreadful consequences. He came to save men *from* their sins, but not to save men *in* their sins. He came to show them what an evil and a bitter thing it is to sin against God; and he came to set the most perfect example of piety and submission, of purity and benevolence, that the world has ever seen—ever will see; and this pattern we must strive to imitate. Christ saves also his people from the yoke of the ceremonial law—from all legal bondage. Thus was he set forth, as our wisdom, our sanctification, our righteousness.

The resurrection of Jesus would form

likewise a main point of the Evangelist's discourses. The Apostles, both in their speeches and their writings, dwelt largely on this topic. Peter with John in the Temple, and again, before the Sanhedrim; Paul on Mars' Hill, and in the presence of both Felix and Festus, his Roman judges. Paul again, in his Epistles, Peter likewise, in *his* Epistles, insist on this great fact—that Christ was the first-fruit of them who slept. And the resurrection was not a barren fact in the Master's history. It was of the most tremendous significance as regarded faith and practice. On it was built their belief and their hopes. Its certainty furnished a cogent argument for the necessity of holiness of heart and life, for God had appointed a day to judge the world in righteousness by that man whom He had ordained.

Not to insist on many other points of Christian doctrine which would hardly be neglected in Philip's preaching, we remark, in the last place, that though he would not dwell largely on the person of Christ, he would yet set forth a *personal* Christ—i.e., an historical Christ. Indeed, this must have been his object all along, for on the fact that Jesus lived, that he also suffered, died, and was raised to life again, the whole Gospel scheme is built. We hear a great deal at the present day of Christ being in every man, meaning—if words have a meaning—that every man is a Christ. "A fond thing, vainly invented, and grounded upon no warranty of reason or of history." Philip had not so learned Christ; his philosophy did not extend to intuitions; he had never heard of these, and they could form no part of his creed. But he had heard of Jesus of Nazareth—possibly had known him in the flesh; at all events, he was convinced that God had made that same Jesus both Lord and Christ. Therefore he believed on him with the whole heart, and he zealously advocated his claims to the Messiahship. He went to the Samaritan crowds in a city, and he went to the way which is called desert, to call a single wayfarer to the faith. He preached from Azotus to Cæsarea the Gospel of the Kingdom, and in this latter celebrated town he seems to have spent the remainder of



his useful and honourable life, faithful to the work in which he was engaged, and found watching when the Master came to call him to his reward.

### THE HEART IN TUNE.

Be the heart in tune within,  
All without runs smooth and even,  
And earth's objects seem to win  
Something of the hues of heaven ;  
Clouds from off our sky are flown ;  
All grows bright around and o'er us ;  
Life acquires a loftier tone ;  
Hope then dances light before us ;

Music comes in every gale ;  
Flowers in all our paths are blowing ;  
Prosperous winds fill every sail ;  
Tides are ever fair and flowing ;  
Time adds feathers to his wing ;  
Grief of half his load is lightened ;  
Life's distresses lose their sting,  
And its every joy is heightened.

Then the waste, where'er we roam,  
Gushes with refreshing fountains ;  
Then between us and our home  
Ope the seas, and sink the mountains ;  
Faith is strong, and views are clear ;  
Foes or fears no more confound us ;  
Ministering angels near  
And an Eden opening round us ;

Nature through her wide domain  
Quits her air of ruined sadness,  
Kindles into smiles again,  
Wakes anew to song and gladness ;  
God amid His works appears,  
Calls His creatures to adore Him ;  
And this world of sin and tears  
Blossoms as the rose before Him.

If His gospel then be heard,  
Soon the inmost soul it reaches ;  
God speaks home in every word,  
Christ again in person teaches ;  
Every promise is applied,  
Power to every precept given,  
And the Spirit and the Bride  
Point and woo us on to heaven.

Prayer and praise are easy then,  
From the soul spontaneous flowing ;  
And with love to God and men  
Tenderly the heart is glowing.  
All our duties lighter grow ;  
Pleasant seems the meanest station ;  
And from light to light we go  
To the fulness of salvation.

Be our spirits ever such !  
Tuned into harmonious meetness,  
Till their chords to every touch  
Answer in some tone of sweetness ;  
Quickened by celestial grace,  
Purified by earthly leaven,  
Shining, like the prophet's face,  
With a glory caught from heaven.

H. F. LYFE.

### THE VALUE OF THE BIBLE.

THERE is much talking on various sides now, in depreciation of the value of the Holy Scriptures. On one hand a vague, crumbling criticism, or rather terror of other people's criticism ; on the other, a vague feeling that between the Divine words and our feeble minds we need some softening or interpretative medium ; on one side a suspicion that the Old Book is too uncertain and imperfectly human to be definitely and authoritatively a Divine message to people with claims to high culture ; on the other, that it is too awfully and mysteriously Divine for common eyes to penetrate.

" Don't send us to a book," some people say, " to a dry, ancient Scripture ; the living Spirit inspires humanity still."

" Don't venture to lay open the sacred oracles to an ignorant private interpretation," others say. " There is a Church, a living authoritative body, which existed before the Book, which alone preserved the Book, and which alone can securely unveil it."

Truth, of course, there is on both sides.

We do need the living Spirit who inspired the authors of the Book to inspire the life of the readers now.

And we have the Christian life which existed before the Book, to interpret and to diffuse it still.

The truth of God is not distributed by lifeless machinery ; it never was, and it never will be.

But the Book itself, in itself, seems to me the answer to both these depreciations.

I believe we may safely leave the arguments against its universal adaptation and circulation to refute each other.

One of the objections, however, which makes me most indignant is, that it is not suitable for young people.

It certainly was not written for young girls, or by young girls. But why is it that against this English literature of ours which has sprung up around it, is brought just the opposite objection, that it is apparently written with a prudish sense that there ought



to be nothing in it unfit for young ladies to read?

Why is it that to the literature of all others moulded by the Bible, foreign countries come for the literature pure enough to put into the hands of all?

The consuming fire of its divine purity scorches the evil things in humanity, which it does not hesitate to recognise as existing.

It does depict the world as a great hospital; but pathological science in its pages never takes the place for a moment of the art of healing. It shields all who read it reverently from the contagion of the sins it describes, by always making us feel that sin is not a necessity of humanity, but its disease, and by enlisting our whole sympathies on the side of health and healing.

The human imperfections it presents for criticism to investigate are just the proofs it is not only human, not a rigid construction of diplomatically cautious theologians, but a growth of divine thought through human hearts.

And as to its requiring interpretation, which of the commentaries or confessions written to explain it does not contain for the next generation a thousand-fold more difficulties to be explained than the Book itself?

It is, indeed, not a folding up and veiling of Divine truth, but an unfolding and a revelation.

I believe, in my inmost heart, it is the strongest bond of our English Christian and social life.

It has a common interest for men and women on every level of rank and culture. It is common ground between every section of our Church, and our non-conforming sects. It is a common prayer-book, a common hymn-book, a common education.

It is as comprehensible and as dear to the slumbering passive minds of the old village people here, as to the world-sharpened wits of our London parish.

Indeed, I believe people exaggerate the differences really existing between those for whom the Bible is the great guide in religion and morals. For in the Bible all theology is moral, and all morals are theological; a combination which, when steadfastly persisted in,

does tend, I think, more than anything to soften mere external divisions.

If we believe that the root of sin is selfishness, that God is love, and therefore that love is holiness; and that the Atonement is God restoring us to Himself . . . . that salvation begins in the forgiveness which reconciles us to God.—*Sunday Magazine*.

### THE HOUSEHOLD ANGEL.

SHE never dreamed that she was a heroine; she had no thought how white and sweet the angel of her womanhood was that made a humble, poverty-stricken home the shelter of her aged grandmother and her young brothers and sisters, and by patient labour and constant self-sacrifice brought around them conditions that enabled them, these younger ones, to prepare for a brighter lot in life than hers had been. But she was a heroine; she was an angel in the guise of very humble womanhood.

She was only sixteen years old, this Judith Marston, when at one fell swoop of a disease born of poverty and wretchedness, father and mother and two lads, eight and twelve years of age, died, and Judith was left with four little ones and her blind grandmother dependent on her. She was only sixteen, but not for a moment did any thought of shirking what she looked upon as her manifest business, enter her mind. Grandmother, Carrie, Lucy, and the little twin boys, only five years old, Benny and Joseph, must be taken care of—and there was no one but Judith to do it. How was it to be done?

"Judith," said the missionary who had visited them during the illness of the family, "I think the best thing you can do is to let me get the little ones into the Orphan Asylum, and then you might perhaps be able to take care of the old lady; but I do not see how you can take care of six people."

Judith spoke very low and quietly, but there was a decision in her manner that put an end to the argument:

"Mr. Begart, grandmother has lost enough already; it would break her heart to be parted from the little ones, and I shall try and keep them together as mother would have done. If I do not



succeed it will not be my fault, but I shall try."

"How, Judith?"

"I do not know, sir, yet, but I feel sure that when any one is as determined as I am, God will find a way for them."

The next week found Judith and her little brood in a tenement even more dilapidated than the one she had left, up two more flights of stairs, and occupying only two small rooms instead of four. Everything that could be spared of furniture was sold, and only the barest necessities kept. The sewing machine that her mother had used and taught her to use she kept. When all her little household arrangements were made and the children sent to school, she said, "Grandmother, we have one blessing in these rooms—they are light, and they have the morning sun. It is such a comfort to know that while you knit you can sit in the sun—it is so good for you. Now I am to work a machine on waterproof cloaks and such work. Hours are from eight till half-past five; and then I shall try to get work at home for the evenings. Carrie and Lucy can wash the dishes and tidy the rooms before school, and we will try to get along."

Tears stood in the grandmother's blind eyes as she put her hand on Judith's head and blessed her. "It is a hard lot you have, Judy," she said.

"Not half as hard as yours, granny, not half as hard as many a young girl has to bear. And I am so thankful, so thankful, dear, that the children are good, and that father and mother brought us up so carefully. They did the best they could."

Judith found her task an arduous one. Rest she never knew. Up with the dawn, she arranged matters at home for the day before she went to the shop, and when her day's work was done, a new one commenced at home. When she could obtain sewing to do after hours she did that; when she could not she was never idle; there was mending and making to do to keep grandmother and the children comfortable and herself in decent trim for her work, and it was seldom that she had more than six hours' rest out of the twenty-four.

"Judith Marston is always as neat and as tidy as if she had just stepped out of a show-case," said one of the girls

to another as they ate their lunch one day, "but she never wears a ribbon or a ruffle on her dress, not the sign of an ornament, only the little plain collar and cuffs. I should think she would try to be like other girls." The young woman who said this wore a soiled ruffled alpaca dress, trailing some inches upon the ground and plentifully encrusted with mud; her hair was puffed and frizzed and ornamented with a dirty pink ribbon, while about her neck was a ruffle that had once been white, fastened with a bow to match that in her hair. "Judith Marston," she called out, "why don't you dress like other folks? Are you going to turn Quakeress? You never wear a ribbon or a bit of trimming on your dress; and that plain straw hat you wore all last winter. Don't you care for nice things?"

Judith flushed a little as she answered, "Yes, Kitty, I care for nice things, but I cannot afford to buy anything but what is necessary, and I haven't time to spend making up my things any other way than plainly."

Another girl spoke up and said, "Don't you know, girls, that Judith Marston has a family to support. I guess if we had six people to provide for we wouldn't look as well as she does."

It soon came to be understood that Judith had no time for any of the amusements of other young girls. She devoted herself so earnestly to her work that her employers learned to appreciate her faithfulness and thoroughness, and when the slack season arrived she was the last hand discharged. But O! that slack season—the poor sewing girls know how much it means. Judith did what she could to prepare for it; but work as hard as she might, it was very little she could put by after the rent was paid, and the barest necessities purchased. Grandmother sometimes earned a few shillings by her knitting, which she always handed over to Judith, and this Judith always put in a little silk bag by itself. "If granny is ill, she shall have something to buy comforts with," she said. When school vacation came, the little girls were taught to sew and to do cooking and prepare for usefulness—but many days there were when hunger was not satisfied, and Judith's heart



ached that she could not provide better for her charge.

Carrie was a very bright child and devoted to her books. Frequently she came home with commendation from her teachers. She stood high, almost first in all her classes. After two years had passed and Carrie was fourteen years old, the grandmother said one day—"Judith, it seems to me Carrie has had schooling enough, and ought to be helping you now; it makes my heart ache to have you work so hard; the boys are getting big and eat more, and wear out more clothes, and so are the girls, and it makes just so much more for you to do."

"Well, granny, I'll speak to Carrie, and see what she says. I have an idea that she would like to be a teacher, and if that is so I want her to be one, no matter how hard I have to work for it."

That night Judith said: "I see you've been studying hard all vacation, every chance you've had. Now tell me, dear, would you like to be a teacher?"

"Oh sister," answered the young girl, "that is just what I am trying to fit myself for; Mr. Johnston, our principal, told me last term that I had the gift, and if I would only prepare myself for it, he had no doubt I would succeed, but I have never said anything about it, for I have felt that since you have to work so hard I ought to be earning something to help you. I cannot do it in less than two years if I am to be a teacher."

"My dear," said Judith, "we must think of what will be best for you and the children in the end, not of present comfort. You must commence going to school again with the opening term. Lucy, what are you going to do?—I mean when you quit school. While we are about it, we may as well see what plans the little girl has."

"Well, sister, I am the best scholar in my class in spelling and grammar, and I know all the rules of punctuation; Martha Jones says her sister has learned type-setting; I could get a place where Jenny Jones is, and I could begin next week. If I'm smart I could begin to earn wages, Jenny says, in six months—she did, and I'm as quick as she is, if I'm not as old. I'll do my very best, and then I can help you to take care of granny and the

boys. I wonder what the boys will be?"

Said Benny, "I'll be a butcher and have plenty of meat. We'll have roast beef and roast turkey every day."

Said Joseph, "I'll keep a grocery, and granny shall have all the tea she wants, and we'll have lots o' goodies."

The years passed on. Lucy was as good as her word; at the end of a year she was earning wages and helping bear the burdens of the family. After graduating, Carrie was advised to go to the high school, and her sister insisted it should be so. "It will be better in the end," said Judith. And Judith was right. At the time I write Carrie is twenty-one years old, and has a principal's place in one of the ward schools. Lucy is proof-reader for a daily paper; and the little boys having changed their minds as to occupation, are both learning the machinist's trade. Judith at twenty-five is fore-woman in the work-room of one of the largest manufactories of ladies' apparel, and is looked up to by her little family as the angel of the household. Grandmother still sits by the sunny window, but it is in a comfortable house, and geraniums and roses, heliotrope and mignonette, waft their fragrance over her as she knits socks for her boys.

#### THE TRUE LIGHT.

WE all understand for what purpose the lighthouse is set up along our uneven and rocky coast. The sea is not a great barren waste. If it were, no lighthouses would be needed. But it is a bridge from continent to continent. People of the same great races live on these continents, and wherever a little island lifts its head above the water, they make that a home too. They cannot live in isolation. From the earliest history of civilised life on this planet, the sea, whereon go ships, has been a way of commerce for the nations. The interchange of products of the different countries is a source of great comfort and convenience, and mutual acquaintance serves the high purpose of Christian civilisation and enlightenment.

No harbour is devoid of rocks or shoals. Some of the finest harbours are in narrow channels, where the ship might be dashed in pieces against a lee-



shore were it not for some hand of help in the darkness. Man, ingenious, provident, god-like, reaches out to the mariner this hand of help when he erects near every dangerous spot the lighthouse. Commerce is facilitated, the little fishing-schooner has its guide, and the sailor's wife safe on shore sleeps a sweeter sleep because of the lighthouse.

But these lighthouses are not all alike. One is larger, higher, more brilliant than another. Light is light, but there is a difference between a candle and a gas jet. So there is a difference in the projecting splendour of these harbour sentinels.

In looking off Portsmouth harbour one sees the blazing and contracting splendour of the light. No storm can quench it, no darkness make it dim. The dweller on any coast knows that the lighthouses are of different quality and splendour. And so we all come to learn that these Christian lighthouses are of different quality and splendour.

That which is sufficient guide to the fishing smack venturing but a few miles from shore, may not be able to save from wreck the great ship grandly freighted.

In that memorable first chapter of John, there is a verse which seems to be a revelation of what the true light is, and how we may know whether they who profess to revere and honour it, do so as entirely as the record gives them the authority for doing.

"That was the true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." Before Christ the world had known no universal light. Different nations pointed to the beacons which had sprung up from their midst, and were satisfied that they had light along life's way, and were not troubled about the condition of other nations. The Hebrew rejoicing in Moses and the prophets was satisfied. He was scarcely willing that the Gentile should come within range of his small candle, even to gather the crumbs falling from his board.

But when Jesus of Nazareth was announced by Prophet and forerunner, we hear a new sound in the voices. We read a new meaning in the charac-

ter of the heaven-sent teacher. He did not come to set up light for a little company while the whole world lay in equal need, and by creation was equally entitled to guidance. His light was for every man that cometh into the world, and therefore it was the true light. A common origin linked in one chain of dependence the vast intelligent race. A common destiny stretched its mysterious veil across the valley of shadows. By birth and death, Jew and Gentile, bond and free, came and departed, and over all hung the great shadow of doubt which no man living had been able by his keenest philosophy to dispel.

Revenge and retaliation sat in the seat of justice. An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, was the rule of action among men who had not yet learned of the brotherhood commencing here and enduring for ever.

Jesus set up a new order of conduct by his precepts and example too. Revenge was no part of it. Retaliation was no part of it. If a man smite thee, teach him shame by self-poise, and if he take thy goods give him more. If a man would be my disciple let him not seek a throne but a place of service. "Simon, lovest thou me? feed my lambs." The whole tenour of his words is self-forgetfulness, self-surrender, work for the world. The way to the highest Christian character is not through the monk's cell but through toil, which rejoices that it can make weary brains and tired hands in a good cause. A life of introspection is not conducive to the best growth. While the would-be saint is looking into his own heart, some ragged child may pass his door unseen.

When we follow Jesus about his daily walk we see him telling in deeds which are mightier than sermons, how children of one family should act. This elder brother was unlike most elder brothers, tender of the weak little ones. He was the shepherd not afraid to carry the lambs in his arms. And when we come a little farther up in our contemplations of this example, this light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world, we find him opening graves that sorrowing hearts might be healed. Light suffi-



cient for every man in his darkest earthly hour, we find in Christ. He recognised our smallest needs and ministered to them, thus teaching us the true and only right way of living in the world. But this mission finds its holiest, its most needed fulfilment in direct lessons to the spirit.

The ministers have been repeating for centuries the living fact, that man is not satisfied with his life here, that he is for ever asking if there be any other and better life. This question was in the world—it was in human hearts the intense and vital question before the Christian era. We remember how the old prophets voiced it, and Job's words, "If a man die shall he live again?" are still pressing for answer, from many a door of agonising doubt. No adequate answer had ever been given to this cry until Jesus came. The disappearance of Moses from Mt. Nebo, and of Elias in his chariot of fire, were not enough to hush the cry of common sorrow. Moses and Elias were great men. They were the Lord's anointed—made of flesh and soul to be sure like all men, but divinely set apart to a special mission, and the common people looked upon such as gods. They could draw no hope of individual immortality from them.

I claim for Christ the revelation of immortality. He did not create it, but he set up a light whereby we could see what had long been in darkness. He brought life and immortality to light. The endless life of the soul was a fact before his advent, but like the revolution of the heavenly bodies, an undiscovered fact. The forces of nature had prophesied of immortality, but men failed to read the language of the corn of wheat or the unfolded chrysalis. Jesus tells his followers that even Moses showed at the bush that the dead are raised, when he called God the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. But they did not understand Moses. They kept up their queries, and we hear them still.

But when Jesus touched the humble bier of the widow's son and he lived; when he called Lazarus from the tomb after four days of burial; when he restored to life the ruler's daughter;

taking his examples from all classes of the people, there is a new meaning in this rising from the dead and an answer sufficient to hush the most obdurate doubt. But he who was himself the light led the way through the valley of shadows, as he had done by his example through every path of human duty.

He was crucified in the presence of many witnesses. There was no doubt that he passed through what we call death. He was buried and the third day rose again. The intimate friends of his ministry saw him first and knew him. Afterwards the multitude saw him. Whether the same body rose or was immortalised by a miracle is of no matter of consequence to our faith. We see by this example, this "first fruits" as Paul calls Christ, a form and features like the human form and features. We learn that in following our elder brother through this mysterious change we appear so like our fleshly robes that we are known by our beloved. This is enough. It is the light we crave—the light that has been given. Thus we see Christ a light, not only along the river of human life, but by the side of the eternal sea.

A little yacht swept by terrible tempest swayed from side to side on the great ocean. Its passengers were sick with the awful motion, and appalled at the increasing storm. The women and children lay about the cabin, drenched with rain, pale with terror, and tossing from side to side as the frail barque lurched when stricken by the great swells. Some one cried out, "We shall all go to the bottom."

A little girl not yet eight years old lifted up her head and inquired, "Shall we not go to heaven, mamma?" "Yes, my child." Then, said she, "I don't care if we do go to the bottom."

We want the real faith of the little child in Christ, the light of the world, and then nothing can daunt us.

This faith we hang in our loftiest watch towers as a light. We place it in our deepest seas as an anchor. To its joy and peace we invite the world to come believing. But we are not disheartened though we see men, and nations even, go out of the life that now is, never having known its true



light. Infinite opportunity lies before us all, and let us never forget that the light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world is sufficient for time and for eternity, and in Him the promises are yea and amen.

MRS. F. L. PATTERSON.

## STARVED TO DEATH.

### DEAD AND DYING CHURCHES.

Too frequently the daily papers present us thrilling accounts of actual human starvation. The most heart touching are those of ships' crews, where no fault can be assigned to the souls that suffer. In other cases, where idleness or vice, or mistaken gentility, or some folly is the cause, we can only pity and deplore the event.

But there are other cases of starvation than those of human beings, of even more importance to the interests of society—we mean institutions and sometimes churches, which are starved to death. There are dead and dying societies of various kinds; may we not venture a word or two about these?

We are not going to confine our views to our own household of faith. It is true we have in our denomination, as others have, dead and dying churches. We say this with a feeling of shame; for there never was a time when the opportunities of life and prosperity were so abundant as now. Churches we could name, which at one time were the centres of great activity and usefulness, but are now dead or gasping for life. They have been starved to death. The buildings are there, simply as monuments of our disgrace, from which the surrounding Christian population have learned to point a moral or adorn a tale.

Can we learn nothing from these fatal cases? Post mortem examinations are held for the benefit of the living, to enlarge human knowledge, and to lead to the avoidance of premature death.

Every district of our own country affords some evidence, in one sect or another, of dead and dying churches. We have not to go to the Seven Churches of Asia to find illustrations of this sad fact. We often think those chapters in the book of Revelation about dead

and dying churches ought to be read more frequently than they are. True, there is no need now to refer to so long ago and so far away. The Christian observer sees the cases near his own home. He has seen some societies die of extreme gentility or pride. They were sick, and would not take a little help or a little medicine. There are others which die of sheer neglect; they ought to be helped, and that help is refused, sometimes from one cause and sometimes from another. There are others which die of idleness. Grand opportunities offer for virtuous activity; they let these opportunities slip. They are useless cumberers of the ground, and they are cut down. Then there are others which die of a want of generous treatment, the want of liberal giving; there was no want of money among the members, but there was a want of heart; and the church was starved to death. Many have died through endowments. The sum of money left by a pious ancestor never seemed to effect a like spirit in the living. They never thought of looking around for opportunities of spending freely a sum of money, such as they might easily raise on works of Christian love. Indolence and niggardliness got the upper hand, and the church slept the sleep of death. No church can be kept going long upon endowments. There is another church that asked for brilliancy, and cared little about piety or goodness; they got a brilliant man that knew everything but religion, and the church died. The Sunday entertainment did for a time. The case reminded us of one of Sir Astley Cooper's anecdotes of the Frenchman who performed surgical operations "brilliantly." "But how many lives do you save?" said Sir Astley. "Oh, none." That satisfied Sir Astley that there were better things than brilliancy; and so it is of preaching. Churches are for piety and goodness, they alone can perpetuate a church. The pabulum of religion must be given, or the church will be starved to death.

It is no small wrong done to the world, and to the cause of Christian life, the starving of a church. Among us at the present time are there not



some dead and some dying churches? If the people are starving a church to death, let the minister speak, speak plainly, and show the people their sins. No doctor would be afraid of speaking out in view of death caused by want of food. If the minister is attending to every thing in this world but the spiritual life of the people, let the people speak plainly. Any three right-minded members of a church, with manly courage, may save a church. Churches are not founded for indolent or whimsical pastors, but to minister to the strength of piety and charity among the people. When this fails, all fails, and Sunday meeting is but poor dumb show.

#### ROMAN CATHOLICISM.

"With crosses, relics, crucifixes,  
Beads, pictures, rosaries, and pixes;  
The tools of working out Salvation,  
By mere mechanic operation."

A VERY just alarm has been excited of late at the progress of Romanism both in England and America. The liberal people of both countries, who have so much ridiculed for years earnest men and women who watched with fear the spread of priestism, are now persuaded that the enemy of pure religion and good government has stolen a march, and that "a great crisis is at hand."

There are two causes which are in alliance with Popery—one the High Church practices so common among Protestants—that increasing trust in and display of mere show. The spirit of priestism encourages this high ritual, which leads on to the assimilation of Protestant with Catholic worship.

One fact is so patent, we wonder it does not have more attention—that while what are commonly called High Church performances are leading many right over to the Church of Rome, and no one else, it is instructive to note that this apeing of the Church of Rome never brings one Roman Catholic over to the Protestant Church. The ritualists may talk in the name of charity of bridging the gulf between the Roman and the Anglican Churches; we simply note the fact that all the passengers go one way, and Rome reaps the whole harvest of the tolls. This folly must

come to an end, and the Christianity of Christ be again taught in all its simplicity and power among Protestants. When once mankind are led to feel that human salvation, that present peace and future happiness can be attained by faith in Christ—the Christ of the New Testament, without priest or Church,

"One thought like this puts all the pomp to flight;  
Priests, tapers, temples swim before the sight."

The next and still more serious error which is leading the Church of Rome to great conquests is that discrediting Christ as the Lord and Master of Christian men and women. The Church of Rome can have no better allies than those who are lifting up their voices against ALL authority in religion. We mean by this, scepticism and infidelity are as much the allies of Rome as the ritualism of the Protestant Churches. The priests of Rome know right well that the human soul will pant after some form of religious life. If the authority of the Bible and of Christ can only be set aside—and the supposition is not without foundation that Rome would prefer to see all who deny the authority of the Pope also deny all authority and become blank atheists—this, again, is the next step to the Church of Rome. It is a fact that is never questioned, that the Roman Catholic Church has never uttered one word of sympathy with any other Church. Mr. Gladstone very clearly pointed out, some time ago, that while sceptics thought they were the farthest remove from the Roman Catholic Church, they were in fact her allies.

We must all begin to feel more than ever the duty of emphasising the truths of the Bible and the old doctrine of Protestants, "that the Bible is the religion of Protestants, and contains all things essential to human salvation." The Churches which do this and the families which are members of such Churches are the furthest removed from the priestism which is beginning to have so much influence; whereas ritualism on the one hand, and scepticism on the other, are both leading mankind into the Church of Rome.



## A SPELLING MATCH.

THE lamps were just lighted in the Town-hall, each tin reflector doing its best to emulate the dignified glitter of silver. The audience were assembling by twos and threes. Behind the green curtain which hid the platform a dozen boys and as many girls stood beside a table on which were placed the prizes for which they were about to compete in the great spelling match—an event which convulsed Duxbury Corners to its centre, had set the sewing circles in a flutter, and caused Walker's, Webster's and Worcester's dictionaries to take temporary rank, with the young people of the town, as the most enthralling works in the English language.

The prizes were three in number, No. 1 was, of course, the inevitable "Rogers group," which, for unknown reasons, is always selected as reward for champion spellers. No. 2 was "The Beauties of William Shakespeare," a fat volume in red and gold binding. No. 3 consisted of "A Thesaurus of English Words," in blue and gold, gorgeous also, but, as befitted a third prize, less gorgeous than "The Beauties of W. S." It was upon the "group," in gray plaster, that the eyes of the girls were most admiringly fixed; the boys liked the books as well.

"They're splendid, all of them," remarked little Carrie Powell. "I do admire statues so much!"

"Perfectly splendid! elegant! magnificent!" echoed a chorus.

"I wonder who'll get the first?" asked Daisy Lee, in a half whisper.

"O, Ray, of course. He's taken two first prizes already."

"My father says it isn't fair that Ray Pelham should compete again," said John Stackpole, in a surly tone. "He's the best speller—every one knows that. And now he ought to stand off and give somebody else a chance."

"He's real old, too—'most nineteen!" added a little boy of ten.

"John's right; it isn't fair, Ray ought not to be in the match at all," cried two or three others. "None of us'll have the least chance if he is," muttered Carrie.

"Oh, but do you know, I think it is fair," said Mary Alger. "Ray's the

champion now; he holds the belt. Of course he must fight everybody who tries against him. There's always a chance in spelling. -Real good spellers are often tripped up by some easy little word which you'd think they could spell in a minute." Mary ended with a sigh, for this had been her own fate. She was a "really good speller," and had twice just failed of a prize.

She did not see Ray, who had entered as she began to speak. He had never particularly noticed Mary Alger before. She was not a pretty girl, judged by the Duxbury standard, though an artist might have found something to admire in the lines of her head and throat, in the exquisitely fine pale skin and deep set grey eyes. Neither was she a favourite. Her reserve and shyness were taken for pride, the depression of knowing herself misjudged made her awkward, and her ordinary manner was cold and silent. She seldom made so long a speech as on this occasion. And the girls opened their eyes as they listened. Ray was amazed also. He was not a stupid boy, and it dawned upon him that it was an impulse of generous justice in his behalf which had unlocked the lips of this usually tongue-tied Mary, and her face for the first time struck him as pretty.

The other girls chattered on, but Mary had said her say, and stood silently looking at the plaster group. Ray saw that she admired it intensely, and a half wish crossed his mind that she might win it—only a half one, for to the successful, success becomes indispensable, and the desire to be first was very strong upon the ambitious young fellow. Presently an avalanche of camp-chairs, followed by a procession of squeaking boots, announced the arrival of the "Committee of Reference." The boys and girls ranged themselves in parallel rows, Mr. Ashe, principal of the Academy, appeared with a formidable MS. roll in his hand. The curtain rose; the audience clapped. "Now my young friends, I beg that you will speak as distinctly as possible," said Mr. Ashe. With that he consulted his roll, gave out the first word, "hippopotamus," and the strife commenced.

"'Twere vain to tell what steeds gave o'er,  
As swept the giant"



over the orthographical plain; how an elderly youth of some sixty summers, with a preconceived theory as to the word "Indian," which he rendered thus, "I-n-j-u-n," was the first victim, and a tiny girl of six, the second; how "aneurism" slew its thousands, "phlebotomy" its tens of thousands; how May Martin fell a victim to "caries," and Augustus Brown was borne off protesting that "appellation" had but one *l* in it. Traps and pitfalls abounded. Slowly the ranks thinned; the vanquished, finding what comfort they could in numbers, lined the wings, applauding and jeering their late comrades. At last Mary Alger was left the only girl, opposed to three boys, of whom Ray was one. Five minutes, ten—it seemed as though neither of the four would ever miss. The excitement became intense.

"I-l-l-i-g-g-i-b-l-e," spelled John Beach.

"Wrong," said Mr. Ashe; and John, crest-fallen, creaked his way off the stage. Each of the three competitors now left was sure of a prize. The question was, which prize?

Mr. Ashe had exhausted his roll, and produced from his pocket a deadly little volume, full of what a sportsman would call "croppers." Aha! Owen Brierly tripped up. The word "benzoin" proved too much for him. Only Ray and Mary were left. The audience held its breath as first one and then the other triumphantly surmounted words which sounded fatally difficult to less instructed ears.

It is at such crises as these that manly nerves win the day. Out of the corner of his eye Ray saw the flush rise and deepen on Mary's cheeks, and her fingers clasp and pinch each other. She was getting flustered; in a moment she would blunder. Suddenly a generous impulse took possession of him. She cared so very much for this plaster thing. Why not for once give in and be content to come out second! It all passed through his mind in a flash, and his resolution was taken.

"Pentateuch," gave out Mr. Ashe.

To the unbounded astonishment of the audience, Ray Pelham rose and spelled the word thus: "P-e-n-t-a-y-t-u-k-e."

There was a roar of laughter, in which

everyone joined except the bewildered Mary. Her wonderment lasted but a moment, chased by triumph and pleasure. Mr. Ashe placed the "Union Refugees" in her arms; the boys and girls crowded round her.

"I'm real glad, Mary," said Ray, heartily.

"Are you, Ray? That's good of you," she said. Her cheeks were flushed with excitement, her eyes sparkled becomingly. Several old ladies went home declaring that "really, now, Mary Alger was 'most a handsome girl. She looked as pretty as a pink with them figgers in her arms. It was a pity she was so dull and stuck-up, for she wasn't so bad-looking after all." Ray was of their opinion, only he didn't agree with them as to the "stuck-up."

The evening of the spelling match dated a change in Mary's life. She did not know how it was, but people seemed kinder, and life easier, and the world pleasanter, from that time on. Were the boys and girls more friendly? Did the sun shine more than it used to do? Were lessons easier, or was her own shy stiffness more manageable? Or was it that Ray, with his frank face and good-natured ways, seemed to turn up at her side everywhere, doing things for her, explaining, cheering, bringing her as it were *en rapport* with herself and with other people? I do not know; Mary could not have explained; but something must have been at the bottom of this altered world, with its pleasant change of sequences; and certain it is that in the course of a few months she and Ray grew to be great friends.

No more spelling matches were held in Duxbury, the memory of this famous evening did not die, and Ray had to bear frequent reference to his blunder. Boys who envied or did not like him, or who were temporarily disaffected with something said or done, were apt to soothe their souls by dragging the word "Pentaytuke" into the conversation. Ray bore these small shafts philosophically; his friends felt them more keenly.

"How did you come to make that mistake?" indignantly demanded Harry Platt one day, dragging him off under cover of the woods, which bordered the



ten-acre lot they were moving. "It riles me like anything. There's that little whippy-snappy Jack Pomeroy always at you with 'Pentaytake' in his teeth. How did it happen, Ray? You are the best speller of us all."

"Easy enough to make a mistake," replied Ray.

"Pshaw! not a mistake like that. Why, little Peter Potter knows better. And you—"

"Hal, if you give me your word not to tell, I'll say something—"

"Well I do. What is it."

"I did know better. I'm not such a fool that I can't spell 'Pentatench.' I missed on purpose that night. I had a reason."

"A reason!—what?"

But Harry demanded in vain. Ray explained no farther. After a while they walked back to the hay field.

Their conversation had an auditor—an unsuspected one. Mary Alger was perched in the tree under which the boys stood as they talked. It was an oak tree, low, broad, easily climbed, and bearing aloft, ten feet or so from the ground, a gnarled bough whose crotch made a comfortable seat. For years it had been Mary's habit to come to this spot and there study her lessons, read or dream; but it was a habit which she carefully concealed. She was far too big to climb trees now, said her mother. Mary admitted it, still she climbed.

She made a pretty picture, half sitting, half lying, among the branches, the summer wind waving the folds of her dress, her face full of the puzzle caused by Ray's overheard confession. Why had he "missed on purpose?" What was the "reason?" A sudden flood of red broke over her face at last. Had she guessed the truth? She could not rest till she knew.

When a woman wishes to carry a point, she usually takes the offensive. Mary took it. It was the very next evening. She and Ray were walking home from their choir practice.

"Ray," she said, turning upon him, "why did you misspell that night at the match—misspell on purpose?"

"I—I—What makes you think I did?" stammered Ray taken off his guard.

"I know you did. Tell me about it."

"You can't know," said Ray.

"Well, if you won't tell me, I'll tell you—shall I? You saw that a girl wanted the prize very much, and you felt generous. And so, because you were a man—Oh, Ray it was very good of you; but you must take the group back, I can't keep it—I can't indeed! you must take it."

"Now, Mary, don't get excited," said Ray, guiding her toward a mossy log and seating himself beside her. "We'll discuss this matter. Suppose it was as you say (which I don't admit), the prize would be yours all the same."

"Not a bit; it would be yours. You're a splendid speller, Ray, a great deal better than I am—when you don't miss on purpose. It's your right to be first; I'd rather be second after you; really I would—a great deal rather. I'll never forget what you did, Ray—never; but you ought to have the 'Refugees,' and you must take it."

"Very well," said Ray, his eyes lighting up with an odd twinkle; "I will. But it's on one condition, Mary." He grew very red. "I'll take it if you'll own it in partnership with me. What's enough for one is enough for two—plaster groups particularly. I'll call the 'Refugees,' mine if you'll call it yours, and—if you let me call you mine. What do you say, Mary? Isn't that about fair?"

I suppose Mary had a very strong sense of justice, for she blushed, trembled, half smiled; then she put out one hand timidly to Ray, and then—

The rest may be safely left to the imagination of the reader.—*American Paper.*

## THE WESLEYAN PREACHER.

THE improved and liberal tone of the preaching in almost all Christian Churches is often now a subject of remark. It is said that the Roman Catholic cannot be included in this general progress, that the exclusive and bad spirit is as prominent to-day as three hundred years ago, and that nothing is wanted but power, and the modern priest would be as the old persecutor.



Sometimes it is intimated that the ministrations in Wesleyan Churches have caught little of that larger charity which joyfully recognises the spirit of God among all sects and all nations; therefore we were the more pleased a few Sundays ago to listen to a Wesleyan minister, in full standing, and chosen to preach one of the annual sermons for the spread of mission work, emphasise his belief in piety and goodness, not only in other Christian sects, but of men and women in heathen lands who had never heard the gospel sound.

His text was a fortunate one, from the Acts, which sets forth the devotion and the charity of Cornelius, a pagan soldier. He made this fact tell. Here was a man whose piety and goodness had the smile of Heaven, and that he was privileged beyond many by having an angel sent to him. There were few Christians in that congregation who would not be envious, and properly so, of such a mind that had won so significantly an answer to its prayers and alms. And then he dilated on the religious qualities of all the four centurions named in the New Testament—none of them Christians, yet all men of faith and piety.

All this was good to hear. Not unfrequently, said he, the Bible is called an exclusive book, being composed principally of the events of an exclusive nation, the Jews. Yet the man must be very ignorant, said he, of the Bible's contents who holds this opinion of the exclusiveness of the Bible, with the story of Jethro, Job, Melchizedec, and others, so plentifully found, entirely outside the pale of Jewry. The same remark held true of the New Testament—the Saviour's appreciation and praise of those who were not of him or of his nation.

So this large-hearted Wesleyan preacher went on and really interested his congregation, and profoundly interested us in those liberal sentiments.

On one occasion he had to quote the words, "All things work together for good to them that love God," and he immediately added, "And believe it, my brethren, even to those that do not love God do all things work together for their good as well."

We said in our heart, "God bless the man, and bless his words, and fill all the Churches with such preachers, and teachers of Christianity who partake so largely of the spirit and genius of the Great Teacher."

Ever after this we shall have a deeper interest in hearing of the immense success, the rapid growth and prosperity of Wesleyan Methodism.

## THE GODWARD TIDE.

BY MRS. MARY C. PECKHAM.

THE brook runs singing to the sea,  
Dear Lord!

Unmindful if its passage be  
Thro' barren moor or daisied lea,  
Bent but to broaden till the ocean's breast  
Receives it like a mother into rest.

But I, my Father,—what am I,  
Dear God?

No singing soul,—a fretful soul  
Petitioning to know the whole,  
While yet embroadened for thy Being's  
sea,

I run and run, yet have not come to Thee.

A stream that chafes at every stone,  
Dear Lord!

And mourns the night-shade that has  
grown

Along its brink where might have blown,  
The wilding rose, the lily and the vine,  
That grace the banks of happier streams  
than mine.

Yet I sweep onward not the less,  
My God,

To meet thy Spirit where the stress  
Of Thy eternal tenderness,  
Deep-tided, shall compel my quicker flow,  
Till I, too, sing and broaden as I go.

I cannot keep my soul from Thee,  
My God!

Albeit I fret at thy decree,  
Or halt while thou art calling me,  
I do but rob my soul of thy deep calms,  
And the felt touch of thine upholding  
arms.

But not forever! nay, not so,  
My God!

Though for a space I murmur slow  
Through barren moors where night-shades  
grow,  
Not the less sure Thy love shall quicken  
me,  
And mine shall broaden till I come to  
Thee.



## CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

BY REV. T. B. THAYER.

WHAT a beautiful exhibition of mercy toward the defenceless is that enactment of Moses (Deut. 22 : 6—7,) "If a bird's nest chance to be before thee in the way, in any tree or on the ground, whether they be young ones or with eggs, and the dam sitting upon the young, or upon the eggs, thou shalt not take the dam with the young; but thou shalt in any wise let the dam go, and take the young to thee." If the young are necessary for thy food, take them then, and only them, but not the parent bird, leaving the young to perish by the slow torture of starvation.

So it was forbidden to muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn; for it would be cruel to tantalise the faithful creature by a constant sight of his favourite food, which he was prevented from tasting by an unnatural stopping of the mouth. Let him eat; "the labourer is worthy of his hire," whether man or beast.

So again the law says, "If thou see the ox or the ass of one hating thee lying (or fallen) under his burden, thou shalt surely help him." That is, thou shalt not suffer the hatred of thine enemy to make thee cruel to his beast.

These injunctions of the old law show us how carefully Moses sought to guard the unprotected animals from abuse; while he sought with equal earnestness to prevent the moral degradation and hardening of the people, which is the fruit of every species of cruelty. And this is one of the most important considerations connected with the subject, the fact that cruelty, or familiarity with scenes of cruelty, begets a like disposition, hardens the heart, and fits a person for any work of blood or wickedness that may come to hand.

This is true in regard to the individual and the mass. Look at the stern, harsh, and finally brutal temper of the Roman people, and their oppressions and robberies of the conquered nations and tribes, and the terrible butcheries of which they were guilty.

Go into the amphitheatres and witness the horrid slaughters of wild animals, the lion and tiger fights, and the gladiatorial contests in which captive and trained men murder each other for the amusement of the mob, and we shall have at least one cause, one explanation.

What warning is this to parents who allow their children to indulge in all manner of cruelties toward animals, and this without rebuke or restraint, without one serious effort to show them how revolting and wicked it is. A boy who is permitted to stick pins through a fly, to pull the wings and legs from insects, to rob birds' nests and destroy the young, to torture dogs and cats, and to inflict all manner of suffering on unoffending and helpless animals, is preparing himself for a higher school of cruelty, and his parents must not be surprised, nor have they any right to complain, if by-and-by the devil which they have allowed to grow up within him unrebuked shall turn and rend them also. This has often happened, and the young savage that delighted in the torture of poor harmless animals, in after years cursed his old father to his face, and broke the heart of his foolishly fond mother by the brutality of his treatment.

All this was horribly natural; it was the ripe fruit of the seed sown in early life; and the neglected, cold and hungry parents, slowly dying under the harsh treatment of a hardened, cruel son, was only the perfected lesson of cruelty which began in the torment of insects and the lower orders of animals. The sufferings of the parents, in such cases, are a just retribution for the sin of direct encouragement of, or at least unfeeling indifference to, the sufferings inflicted by their children on poor defenceless animals. Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he reap.

And there is another point in this discussion which is mostly ignored, and yet is of no little weight—I mean the rights of animals. Every creature, however humble and weak, has its natural rights as well as man. No living thing that God has made is left without its just privileges, and its right to be exempted from all unnecessary



suffering. Many people seem to think that in abusing animals they violate no moral law; that it is merely a matter of feeling whether they will or not, but not a question of moral or religious right or obligation.

But this is a great mistake, for the government of God, his laws and his protection, are extended over all his works; and the birds of the air, the fish of the sea, the cattle on a thousand hills, and the myriad insects floating in the atmosphere and crawling on the earth, have all the rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, each in its way, as well as man. And any injustice or cruelty toward them is as much a sin against the divine law of righteousness and mercy, as the same act toward man. The fact that animals are inferior creatures, and cannot assert their rights, nor defend themselves, instead of provoking injury and inviting wrong, is only, to a generous mind, a more eloquent appeal against it—a stronger argument for human protection and kindness.

There is a pleasing and instructive story, often told, of an Arab whose wealth was all in a horse. The French consul was desirous of purchasing it for Louis XIV. The Arab refused, for a long time, the increasing offers of the tempter; but finally pressed by poverty and want, he consented, for a large sum, which he himself named, to part with her. The day of sale came, the Arab in his rags, his face gaunt with hunger and suffering, rode up to the Consulate and dismounted. The gold was counted out—he looked at it, then turned to the graceful and beautiful creature beside him, every limb so perfect, every hair so soft and glossy, her neck curved, her ears erect, her large lustrous eyes looking mournfully on him, as if half-conscious of impending evil. He glanced again at the glittering heap of gold, then at his rags, then another fond look at his favourite, when, catching the pleading expression of her eyes, he exclaimed with a trembling voice, "To whom am I going to give thee up? To Europeans! who will tie thee close, and beat thee, and make thee wretched? No, my jewel, my beauty; return with me, and rejoice

the hearts of my weeping children!" and springing upon her back, he was borne from the sight of the astonished Consul with the speed of the wind.

But we draw to a close, for space will not permit us to speak of the cruelties inflicted on birds and beasts under the name of "hunting," otherwise called "sport." What is really destructive may properly be destroyed, without unnecessary pain; but it is reprehensible to the last degree to engage in a wanton destruction of the happy birds of field and grove, which impart so much pleasure by their songs.

Let parents and all good men discourage this practice, and set their faces against every species of cruelty to harmless and unoffending animals. Children should be specially instructed on this point, and their generous feelings and tender sympathies nurtured and developed into activity. Teach them that every creature God has made has its rights and privileges, and is entitled to protection, kindness and just treatment; and that cruelty to the least of these is a sin against the law of God, as much as theft or falsehood.

How beautiful is the anecdote of the court of the Areopagus at Athens, the same before which Paul was summoned, as recorded in Acts xvii.

Assembled together on Mars Hill, where they met in the open air, a sparrow, pursued by a bird of prey, was so closely pressed and so terrified that it took refuge in the bosom of one of the senators. Naturally of a harsh temper, he seized it and threw it from him so violently that he killed it. Immediately the court was so offended with his cruelty, that he was condemned and banished from the senate. And this they did on the ground that mercy and clemency were virtues so becoming, so necessary in a State, that a man who disregarded them was unfit to hold any place of trust or honour.

#### THE SORROWS OF SCEPTICISM.

A SHORT time ago there was a curious coincidence in London; in one public hall a gentleman was reading a paper on the "Sorrows of Scepticism," and near the same time and place there was



another gentleman reading another paper which might fairly be called "the personal illustration of the sorrows of scepticism." A brief report of both these lectures have been handed to us. Our limited space precludes us doing more than that of making a passing note. It is not impossible but the first lecturer might have us Unitarians in view, among others, when he composed his address. He does not say so. He says of sceptics, "It is the sorrow of mere negation; the sorrow of doubt; the sorrow of insufficiency; and the sorrow from the absence of God. With regard to the first, the mind from its very nature seeks for the positive and affirmative, and could not rest in the negative or destructive. The whole of scepticism was essentially negative, and its conclusions were destructive. Then as to the sorrow of doubt, as the intellect could not be satisfied with negation alone, so did it also long for assent, and refused to be contented with doubt. Thirdly, he came to the sorrow of insufficiency. He meant by that the regret that many, if not all, sceptics must feel at finding that they fail to clear away all the difficulties which attend the rejection of revelation. There was a latent feeling that all is not right, and a lurking dissatisfaction with their own method and their own conclusions. In short, it must be one of the sorrows of scepticism to see her despised adversary (religion) still standing fast, assailed at all points, but consistent and undismayed, while she is herself not altogether free from the fear of seeming self-condemned. Then the sorrow from the absence of God. This is a sorrow above sorrows for the sceptics; not merely the disappointment of his intellectual longings, but the blankness of severance from the ultimate end to which soul and spirit alike look upwards, towards which the moral and intellectual alike desire to struggle. The notion of the existence of a God is implanted in the human mind, and to this personal being, all-good, all-wise, self-existent, the longings and yearnings of humanity, frail, weak, and ignorant, yet ever conscious of a possibility of better things, are eagerly directed. And this is the great sorrow of scepticism, that it cuts

man off from his highest good." The most of the above is true. To the man who ignores or denies revelations and the existence of God, there is an unsatisfied want in his nature; he feels this, and he confesses this feeling. He talks and writes about the "problems" or the "enigmas of existence." His faith is gone. His hope fails him; and alas! too often, he lives to feel that charity too has fled away. If there is in the experience of our race a real and indissoluble trinity, it is that of faith, hope, and charity. You cannot impair one of these graces without injuring the other, and where they are not, no true manly or womanly happiness can be found.

This was just the unhappy illustration the second lecturer was giving. He once had faith, and then he was happy. He had gone on from doubt to doubt, until at last he had landed in the slough of atheistic despondency; or he might have said, with the same wretched feelings of another who had lost a believing heart, "I remember the time when my life was like a star in the firmament, but now I feel myself grovelling on a dung-hill."

The first lecturer was orthodox, and he expressed himself happy in his faith. We can assure him that Unitarianism is not scepticism. It is that simple trust in the loving God, and that faithful discipleship to Jesus Christ, the sent of God, that can never fail to quicken, lighten, and make strong and happy all the powers of the human mind. God knows how it has in our own case banished doubt and sorrow, and filled the heart with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

To our poor unbelieving brother, who is wretched with studying the enigmas of existence, we can point him to the words of the Saviour, with not less confidence than the orthodox can, "Come unto me all ye that weary and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." In the spirit and trust of Jesus there is an ample refuge from darkness, doubt, and fear, such as every confiding heart may have. This is the experience of millions of our race. Why then forsake the living water that satisfies the thirsty soul?



## WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

**HIS TIME WAS COME.**—A governor in Ceylon, thoroughly impregnated with the spirit of the British Constitution, impanelled a jury of Mussulmen on a man found drowned, and they returned the solemn and significant verdict, "His time was come."

**PUNISHMENT AFTER DEATH.**—A New England journal tells a story of a man in Illinois, who, having killed a fierce dog, was found beating its body, and exclaiming, "I'll teach him there's punishment after death!" "As unreasonable," says the American editor, "as passionate, as absurd, is the conduct of the English Episcopal clergy towards the members of other communions than their own in their oversight of the parochial burial yards."

"WHEN I married," said ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer Lowe, at a London dinner-party, "I declared, 'with all my worldly goods I thee endow,' although I hadn't a shilling in the world." "But," chimed in the wife, "you had your splendid talents." "Yes, my dear, but you know I didn't endow you with them" was the right honourable gentleman's reply.

**LIVING AND DYING.**—The Rev. John Newton, when in company one day, mentioned the death of a lady. A young female who sat opposite, immediately inquired, "Oh, sir, how did she die?" The venerable man replied, "There is a more important question than that, my dear, which you should have asked first." "Sir," said she, "what question can be more important than 'How did she die?'" "How did she live?" was Mr. Newton's answer.

**A CURE FOR SLEEPLESSNESS.**—Mr. Frank Buckland has come across a sovereign specific for *insomnia*. When unable to slumber, he eats two or three raw onions, with the result that the drowsy god, probably attracted by the fragrance of the sleep-compelling root, forthwith hovers in the air. For such weaklings as might object to a meal of raw onions at bedtime, the Spanish variety, stewed, is recommended. Among other remedies that may be tried by the sleepless is a hard-boiled egg or a bit of bread-and-cheese eaten immediately before going to bed, and followed up by a glass of wine or milk, "or even water," adds Mr. Buckland, with a palpable shudder. Should these fail of effect, another cure may be attempted. This was confided to Dean Buckland by the late Dr. Wilberforce, when Bishop of Oxford, and consists in repeating very slowly the vowels A, E, I, O, which are to be faintly pronounced with each inspiration and expiration.

**EPITAPHS.**—Among the oddest of epitaphs we think the following may be classed:—

"Neuralgia worked on Mrs. Smith  
Till 'neath the sod it laid her;  
She was a worthy Methodist,  
And served as a crusader.

"Friends came, delighted at the call,  
In plenty of good carriages;  
Death is the common lot of all,  
And comes more oft than marriages."

**SPOILING AN ARGUMENT.**—I started one evening by rail from King's Cross, and soon found I was in company with two tract distributing and very theological ladies. They would be debating with me about religion, and I had some difficulty to hold my own and meet Scripture with Scripture. But I did it. I envied the wit of a humble man who had accepted an invitation to take tea with two ladies, deaconesses of a dissenting church, who were very strenuous advocates of Calvinian predestination. During the interview they attempted to draw him into an argument on this favourite doctrine, evidently supposing that an easy victory awaited them. He thus described the table-talk: "They axed me to tay, they two owld laadies; an' they wore laadies, they wore; an' I went. An' while I was drenkin' my tay, howldin' up my cup, like, 'tween the taable an' my mouth, one looked 'ovver 'upon t'other, an' then says to me, says she, 'Maaster Hampton, do 'ee b'lieve that Christ died for all, do 'ee?' I knawed what she was drivin' at, an' so says I to 'em boath, gevin ov'em a look, aich ov'em, says I, 'I do raid, ma'am, that 'we see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels, for the sufferin of death, crowned with glory and honour, that he, by the grace of God, should taste death for every man, every man, every man.' So I do raid, an' I 'spose, ma'am, that ef anybody es left out et must be the wemmen!" So that ended the argument.

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